

Constipation

If not remedied in season, it is liable to become habitual and chronic. Drastic purgatives, by weakening the bowels, confirm, rather than cure, the evil. **Ayer's Pills**, being mild, effective, and strengthening in their action, are generally recommended by the faculty as the best of aperients.

"Having been subject, for years, to constipation, without being able to find much relief, I at last tried Ayer's Pills. I deem it both a duty and a pleasure to testify that I have derived great benefit from their use. For over two years past I have taken one of these pills every night before retiring. I would not willingly be without them."—G. W. Newman, 26 East Main st., Carlisle, Pa.

"I have been taking Ayer's Pills, and using them in my family since 1857, and cheerfully recommend them to all in need of a safe but effective cathartic."—John M. Doggs, Louisville, Ky.

"For eight years I was afflicted with constipation, which at last became so bad that the doctors could do no more for me. Then I began to take Ayer's Pills, and soon the bowels recovered their natural and regular action, so that now I am in excellent health."—S. L. Longbridge, Bryan, Texas.

"Having used Ayer's Pills, with good results, I fully endorse them for the purpose for which they are recommended."—T. Conners, M. D., Centre Bridge, Pa.

Ayer's Pills,

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

BRECKENRIDGE NEWS

THE TURKEY'S LAST GORBLE.

Behold me now.
A turkey with a big T!
Time, 8 o'clock a. m.
By 5 p. m.
What will I be?
A wreck;
A travesty on animated organism;
A weird, bewildering
Knotting of bones
And gravity;
A hollow mockery;
With every word of stuffing
Eternally knocked out of it!
A ghost,
Clashed in the
Bony relics of its living entity!
A ruined destiny
Carved out
To stand a monument
To appetite!
A gobble with his gobble
Gone to those
Who gobbled in another key!
A—
But hold,
This is Thanksgiving day!
Rate:
—Washington Post.

What I know about the standard remedy—Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup: I know that a 26 cent bottle cured me of a bad cough in 12 hours. It is a fact.

Myriads of cases of rheumatism and neuralgia have already succumbed to that wonderful remedy, **Salvation Oil**. Price only 25 cents a bottle.

Good Roads.
Albert A. Pope, in an address before the carriage builders' association a few days ago, said some things in regard to the improvement of our highways which are worthy of repetition. He said:

The Romans were, without doubt, the best road builders in the ancient world. Their good highways were one of the causes of their superiority in progress and civilization. When they conquered a province, they annexed it by good roads, which brought them within easy communication with the Roman world. When their territory was so large that a hundred millions of people acknowledged their military and political power, their capital city was the center of such a network of highways that it was then a common saying that "all roads lead to Rome."

The best roads of the world to-day are those of England, France and Germany, the excellency of which is due to the fact that those countries were the first to awaken from the long sleep of the dark ages, and the growing rivalry between them necessitated attention to their roads, for the proper prosecution of both their military and mercantile interests. In each country they came early under the national supervision, the results of which are seen in the most splendid highways in existence, costing the least to maintain, and in every way the most satisfactory and economical for those who use them.

Referring to American roads he says: Fifty years ago there was some excuse for bad roads, for our country was poor. Now it is rich there is no excuse.

A good road is always to be desired, and it is a source of comfort and convenience to every traveler.

Good roads attract population, as well as good churches and schools. Good roads improve the value of property, so it is said a farm lying five miles from market connected by a bad road is of less value than an equally good farm lying ten miles from market connected by a good road.

A larger load can be drawn by one horse over a good road than by two over a bad one.

Good roads encourage the greater exchange of products and commodities between one section and another.

Good roads are of great value to railroads as feeders.

Of their value to the farmer he thus epitomizes:

It must be clear to any man with the most ordinary business instincts that good roads mean thrift, liberality and wealth. They mean good farms and good value to real estate. They mean that the farmer enjoying their use will save time going over them, will save wear and tear not only on his wagons, but on his teams, will be a richer man on account of them, and have the more money to spend at the end of the year.

Happy Hoosiers.

Wm. Timmons, Postmaster of Idaville, Ind., writes: "Electric Bitters has done more for me than all other medicines combined, for that bad reeling arising from Kidney and Liver trouble." John Leslie, farmer and stockman, of same place, says: "Find Electric Bitters to be the best Kidney and Liver medicine, made me feel like a new man." J. W. Gardner, hardware merchant, same town, says: "Electric Bitters is just the thing for a man who is all run down and don't care whether he lives or dies; he found new strength, good appetite, and felt just like he had a new lease on life. Only 50c. a bottle at G. W. Short's, Cloverport, and J. A. Witt's, Hardinsburg.

Subscribe for the BRECKENRIDGE NEWS.

The Star of 1880.

The achievements of Gov. Stanford California trotters this season, which have led to an almost continuous stream of congratulations to their owner, culminated in an almost unanimous hope, in one that may be called unqualifiedly the greatest sensation ever known on the track, bar none. We do not believe that even a single performance in the days when trotting was young, or the recent 2:12 of Axtell, or yet the 2:08 of Maud S. shook the mind of those who ever turn a thought to trotting horses with such vigorous surprise as the 2:10 made by the three-year-old filly Sunol on Saturday last.

In comparison with this feat how queer seems the sentence, "Dexter never had an out until after he was four years old," which Mr. George B. Alley, one of his early owners, once said to a friend. And Goldsmith Maid was fourteen or fifteen when she trotted in 2:14. Sunol was nearly old enough to smoke when he got his record. St. Julien was almost in the same class. Yet now a three-year-old not only leaves their marks behind, but comes to within a second and three-quarters of the very top notch.

The true superiority of these modern colts may be exaggerated by some people, but we are inclined to think that they have been discredited to a greater degree still, just as in the case of the successive lights of the running turf. The records of that field of sport show in more than one instance how contemptuously the admirers of a former period would greet the greater performance that came after. The unwavering champion of Boston, for example, would look coldly on Lexington with the observation that the fastest four-mile heat of his sire, 7:40, or the mark opposite the name of Eclipse, 7:36, would have surely dropped to 7:19 if the jockeys and trainers of the old horses had known as much as the handlers of their descendants.

But there has been a real improvement of one equine generation over the other, greater, as it happens, with the trotter than with the runner. This Sunol may be called the best filly ever seen, not with a reservation in favor of the driver and of the circumstances under which she made her record, but with full confidence that such she really is in herself. Next year, with reasonable luck, she does not bring Maud S. out of the stable in defense of her supremacy, it will be because the latter mare's owner has lost his interest in the record, and that is not very likely. And how sweet it would be to see the chestnut mare move again in earnest! The man who could ever watch the bend of her knee or the fold of her fetlock without his mind being taken from the monotonous circle of the track and being wakened to a sense of perfection of movement unsurpassed, has no perception of either art or nature. For the first time since Maud S. made her record, there has appeared an animal upon whom even betting might be laid that she would eventually beat it. Sunol trotted in her two-year-old form in 2:18. In the next year she bettered that by seven seconds and a half. If she cannot knock off two seconds more during the rest of her career there is no virtue in maturity. The year 1888 has seen a star arise upon the trotting track which, when it reappears in the season of 1890, may be looked upon to blaze into a sun of peerless splendor.

As for breeding, Sunol adds another powerful confirmation to the theory that the nearer you can carry the trotting action and instinct to the thoroughbred, the greater will be the result. Sunol boasts the immortal Lexington for a great-grandfather—N. Y. Sun.

About His Brother.

Several years ago my brother, who lives with me, had a very strange sore to break out on his leg—about half way between the body and the knee—which afterwards developed into a rose cancer. It resulted from a bruise made by the rubbing of the stirrup-leather while riding.

The cancer continued to grow until it was about five inches long, and three wide. The flesh sloughed off, black, rotten and foul, and it was almost impossible to procure a servant that would wait upon him, the air in the room where he lay being so foul that it would sicken anyone who entered. Every physician of any prominence in the State was consulted, and treated my brother without success. One doctor finally advised him to try Swift's Specific (S. S. S.); he did so, and used nothing else. He commenced to improve immediately, and after taking several bottles was completely cured, and since 1884 not a symptom of the disease has manifested itself. C. A. GRIFFITH, Mayflower, Ark.

His Health Broke Down.

Last summer my appetite failed, my health became poor and I was in a very feeble condition. In fact, I was compelled to give up all business on account of my health. I tried physicians and their medicines, but without avail. At length I began S. S. S. and nothing else. After taking several bottles I was entirely cured and able to resume business. I increased nineteen pounds in weight in less than a month after I commenced taking S. S. S. J. M. MAURY, Abbeville, S. C.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

An Editor Never Looks That Way.

One of our exchanges speaks of a millinery store kept by a very estimable lady, and says the editor "was gratified to see her stocking up." The editor says he was never so astonished in his life as he was when the paper came out, to meet the millinery lady and have her strike him across the brow with an umbrella and tell him he was a liar, and that she would tell his wife. He didn't know what she was mad at, and he had to read the item over an hundred times to see if there was anything spiteful in it.

Scrofula is one of the most fatal among the scourges which afflict mankind. Chronic sores, cancerous humors, emaciation, and consumption are the result of scrofula. Ayer's Sarsaparilla eradicates this poison, and restores to the blood, the elements of life and health.

The Passing of Royalty.

If we have heard correct accounts of the Brazilian revolution, nothing more remarkable ever occurred in the history of political revolutions. Without the loss of life, quietly and easily, a monarchy was overthrown and a republic established. The event is all the more interesting because it wipes out the last trace of imperialism from the American continent, save such as hangs over the institutions of Canada by kinship with Great Britain. Such a peaceful revolution as that in Brazil is possible only where public sentiment has grown by natural process to a calm and dispassionate, but determined, approval and rejection of the monarchical form of government. The yoke of imperialism never sat more lightly on any nation than on Brazil under Dom Pedro. He was a wise and beneficent ruler, and a kind old man, respecting the rights of his people, and entitled to the greatest respect for his course in abolishing slavery in his dominions. But the practical Brazilians, unlike our cousins of England, saw no sense in serving the hulk of royalty after its subsidence had departed, and even Dom Pedro's mildness became an incentive to his overthrow. There seems to have been no feeling whatever against the monarch himself. Public sentiment had simply grown to a point where a republic had to be established, and it was established—quietly, peaceably, and as a mere matter of business. Dom Pedro had the sense to see that an admittance bulwark of public opinion was at the back of the movement, and he wisely forebore to kick against the inevitable. No remonstrance of his, not even a bloody war, could turn a tide that had set so strongly toward republicanism, and had so long been gathering force. He quietly abdicated and left the American continent without a vestige of royalty upon it.

So it comes about, nearly four hundred years after Columbus planted the flag of Spain in America and claimed the soil for royalty, that the last royal family on the continent surrenders its honors and returns to Europe—and to the same part of Europe—from which Columbus sailed. Spanish royalty was the first and the last upon the continent. Founded in the pomp and arrogance of one of the proudest and most magnificent nations of the day, it has vanished before the spread of those principles of equality and self-government brought over by the sturdy adventurers who landed at Plymouth and Jamestown.

When will the same inevitable change come about in Europe—Owensboro Inquirer.

Remarkable Rescue.

Mrs. Michael Curtin, Plainfield, Ill., makes the statement that she caught cold which settled on her lungs; she was treated for a month by her family physician, but grew worse. He told her she was a hopeless victim of consumption and that no medicine could cure her. Her druggist suggested Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption; she bought a bottle and to her delight found herself benefited from first dose. She continued its use and, after taking ten bottles, found herself sound and well, now does her own housework and is as well as she ever was.—Free trial bottles of this Great Discovery at G. W. Short's, Cloverport, and J. A. Witt's, Hardinsburg. Large bottles 50c. and \$1.00.

The organization of farmers into Grangers, Wheels, Alliances, and combinations by other names, has for two years been going on at a much more rapid rate than ever before. The limit of the old Grange movement has long ago been passed. These organizations now contain a membership of a million, and a movement is on foot to consolidate the Granges, the Alliances, and all the other combinations. An explanation of this movement, as well as of the aims and methods of each organization, will be published in the December Forum, by W. A. Peffer, of Kansas.

You will be cured without an infliction if you take "C. C. C. Certain Chill Cure" for Chills and Fever. Pleasant to take. Guaranteed. Sold by G. W. Short.

An exchange thus classifies the men who do the town more harm than good: First—Those who oppose improvement. Second—Those who run it down to strangers. Third—Those who never advertise their business. Fourth—Those who mistrust public spirited men. Fifth—Those who show no hospitality to any one. Sixth—Those who hate to see others make money. Seventh—Those who oppose every improvement which does not originate with themselves. Eighth—Those who put on long faces when a stranger speaks of locating in their town. Ninth—Those who oppose every public enterprise which does not appear of personal benefit to themselves.

You may have been disappointed in other remedies but you will never be disappointed in it removing your Corns if you use C. C. C. Certain Corn Cure.

Pale Pink Night Gowns.

A material which is gaining favor for night gowns is nun's veiling, principally in pale pink or cream. It is the very finest that can be had, and is soft and warm. It is trimmed with platings of the same, and sometimes with frills of cream Valenciennes lace in addition. Some are made rather low in the neck, and with shorter sleeves than formerly. The fashion of cashmere sheets is also gaining in popularity, for those who can afford them, for they are costly. They are recommended as being warm and healthy. They may, perhaps, be suitable for winter use, but commend us to linen or calico for the summer.—Philadelphia Record.

Two Hearts That Beat as One.

Mr. W. J. A. Haynes, of Clifton Mills, Breckenridge county, and Miss Nellie E. Overton, Haynesville, will be married tomorrow afternoon at 5 o'clock. Rev. W. S. Winkler will pronounce the words that will make two happy hearts beat as one.—Hartford Herald, Nov. 20.

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The Fat Man's Story.

The boys had been looking at the fat man for some time as he strolled up and down the depot platform smoking a good cigar and his face wearing a look of contentment, and one of them finally observed that it was a good time for him to tell a story.

"Eh! A story to pass away the time—certainly," he replied as he sat down on a baggage truck recently painted a sky blue color.

"You must know, gentlemen," he began, "after getting his legs crossed, 'that I was not always at the head of the leading banking house of Chicago. No. All my life, up to ten years ago, was passed in the far west, on the plains and prairies and among the hills and mountains. I had, as you may suppose, numerous adventures. I was just thinking of my escape from a prairie fire, but the details might not interest you."

"Oh, yes they will!" we all cried in chorus.

"Well, one day in the fifties I was journeying across a Kansas prairie on foot. One morning I got up to find fifty miles of tall, dry grass between me and the hills. A strong breeze sprang up with the sun, and I had scarcely started on my way before I discovered a great smoke to windward. The Indians had set fire to the prairie to kill off the rattlesnakes, you know."

"By George! but you were in for it!" exclaimed the hardware drummer from St. Louis.

"Yes, I realized that in a moment. In five minutes I could see a billow of flame to windward. It was at least twenty miles long, and spreading as it came. It was coming faster than a horse could run. I figured that it would be upon me in five minutes."

"And you dug a hole in the earth!" queried the glue man from New York.

"It had nothing to do with it. If I had had the proper tools the time was too short."

"Then the wind changed," put in the Yankee notion man from Cincinnati.

"Never a point. As I stood there that great ocean of flame came bearing down toward me like the bosom of destruction. I lost fully two minutes before I got to work. I could even feel the heat of the fierce flames scorching my flesh."

"But, hang it, man, you escaped!"

"I did."

"You don't show any scars of burns."

"No."

"Well, get to the point."

"I will. I waited until the flames were not over a mile away, and then I took my balloon off my back, pressed the button which permitted the natural gas to flow in from the reservoir, and, taking my seat in the chair, I shot up into the air about 500 feet and let the flames sweep under me. One of my boot heels was a little scorched, but that was all the damage done."

"Do you tell that for truth?" angrily demanded the starch man from Oswego.

"The solemn truth, gentlemen. Our company is now doing a general banking and balloon business—same style of balloons. We can hard do undersell all others. Send in your orders early and avoid the winter rush. That's all."

Red rain fell recently in the province of Lublin, Russian Poland. The shower lasted for about ten minutes. The peasants, who mistook the red liquid for blood, became panic-stricken and crowded the churches, where they were quizzed by the priests. Several bottles of the red rain were sent to chemists in Warsaw for microscopic examination. For several days after its shower all the surface water in Lublin was of a dark pink color.—Exchange.

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Cholera Cure!

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For sale by G. W. Short, Cloverport, Ky.

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What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Sam'l Pitcher's old, harmless and quick cure for Infants' and Children's Complaints. Superior to Castor Oil, Paregoric or Narcotic Syrup. Children cry for Castoria. Millions of Mothers bless Castoria.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation; Sour Stomach, Diarrhea, Eructation; Gives healthy sleep; also aids digestion; Without narcotic stupefaction.

"I recommend Castoria for children's complaints, as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. Archer, M.D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

THE CANTON COMPANY, 17 Murray St., New York.

OUERBACKER, GILMORE & CO.

Wholesale Grocers,

319 & 321 W. Main St.,

LOUISVILLE, KY.

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO FILLING ORDERS.

FULTON AVE. BREWERY,

Evansville, Ind.

Brewers and Bottlers of

PILSENER & EXPORT BEER

Messrs. Gregory & Co., Agents,

Cloverport, Ky

GALT HOUSE,

LOUISVILLE, KY.

The Finest and Largest Hotel in the City.

Rates, \$2.50 to \$4.00 Per Day, According to Rooms.

Turkish and Russian Baths in Hotel.

H. W. HERNDON & CO.,

Produce & General Commission

MERCHANTS.

No. 144 Third St.,

LOUISVILLE, KY

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GREER'S ECLIPSE REMEDIES

ECLIPSE LINIMENT.

THE KING OF PAIN KILLERS.

ECLIPSE LIVER PILLS.

CURE CONSTIPATION, IND